# Cora Brown Potter

-REVEALS SOME NEW-

# Mysteries of Beauty.

(From "The Secrets of Beauty and Mysteries of Health," by Cora Brown Potter. Published by Paul Elder & Co.) (Copyright, 1908, by Paul Elder & Co.)

Mrs Brown Potter.

require trimming even with emery

The quickest way to trim the nails is

with nail-clippers, but their curve does

not so well adapt itself to the curve of

for tinting the lips is carmine, 7 1-2

CRACKED LIPS-For the prevention

of cracked lips the best application is

half an ounce of wax and one ornce of

almond-oil colored with ten drops o

To put it shortly, we only need sup-

HE hair has been described as our crewn of beauty, but it is which sets off and heightens the true spark of that celestial fire which makes our faces the delight and won-

It is by our faces we captivate and conquer in the battle of beauty; it is ces (lovely as they may be in themselves, but infinitely wonderful and marvellously entrancing in their everchanging expression and ceaseless vivacity of feeling) that we owe our present position.

The hair is but the frame of this picture, the setting of this gem; a thing intrinsically beautiful in itself, but one whose use and function are to show off, to the best advantage, the priceless wonder it surrounds.

not only for coloring the hair and beard, but also for tinting the nails and giving a gloss to the skin.

There are two varieties of this drug, the Egyptian and Arabian. These dif- the nails. Instead of cutting the nails fer only slightly in the amount of color- they may be filed daily. ing matter they contain and for practical purposes are equally good. The Salve for Lins. To use this dye stew a heaped-up tablespoonful of the powder with a pint of water gently over a storm as times lemon here.

pint of water gently over a slow fire ite means of promoting their redness; for half an hour, stirring occasionally, a slice of lemon or lime daily rubbed finally straining it. This is then on the lips just to cause tingling leaves brushed on the hair and allowed to them pleasantly red, provided that dry, the process being repeated if the they are not cracked. The best salve tint is too light.

The only disadvantage of henna is grains; boric acid, 1 1-2 drams; hard that the color cannot be reduced to paraffin. 1-2 ounce; soft paraffin, hyposulphite of soda, but if only a little is used at a time there is no fear of producing too deep a tint.

### Care of the nails.

HE washing of the hands should solution of carmine and flavored with always be completed by pressing two drops of oil of rose. There are back with the towel the delicate two causes for cracking of the lips. selvage-like edge at the root of the one is dryness of the air or of the lips, nail, to display the little white halfmoon at its base. The greatest missover them, as in speaking for a long take in the care of the nails is to undermine the selvage with a pointed in- mouth breathing; another reason for strument. The pointed stick is to re- the Mps cracking is the irritation of move the scales of skin which grow tooth powder. up with the nail; this is done by holding it vertically at right angles to the Che Correct Corset. is best removed by using a piece of cotton-wool wrapped round a match. A smost corsets are at present cut they press on the hip bones and on the lower site. The selvage edge, named the cuticie place they are useless, as they cannot by manicurists, requires experience and by manicurists, requires experience and overcome the unyielding strength of the use of both hands to satisfactorily bone; in the laiter they interfere with remove it. It is best cut when the the vital act of respiration. The prop-skin is dry. Only when the skin at the er place to bind, the place where every root of the nail is cracked should it corset should press is immediately te trimmed rway, except by a manieurist, as it leaves a red rim round entirely unsupported by anything the nail like the edge of an inflamed stronger or less yielding than muscle.

TRIMMING THE NAILS-This is port where nature has given us none. best done after washing the hands, day compress the lower ribs and dis when the nails are soft, by paring with a knife. It is marvellous to see a Chinese barber cut both the nail and the skin at the root with instruments symptoms. A correctly designed stay. shaped like fine chisels, and then to on the contrary, binds in the walst be-2nish the tollet of the feet by using low these organs and holds them up in a similar shaped, but broader instrument, to remove the thickened skin from the heel, for in China as much placed, as it were forming a support on which they rest, and which prevents them from becoming scidentally misplaced. \*

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

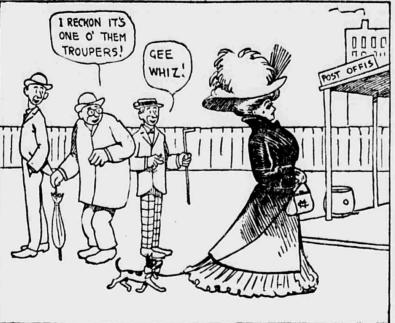
M any of the new washa-ble flannels and flannelettes are exceedingly attractive, and, as they make most satisfactory morning gowns of the simpler sort, their variety is sure to be appreciated. This one shows a pretty little rosebud design on a pale ground and is trimmed with a band of blue ribbon edging the skirt and worr with a blue belt and tie. The gown combines one of the newer house jackets with the three-piece skirt and is thoroughly satisfactory from the point of view of comfort as well as of appearance. There is a choice allowed of three-quarter or long sleeves, and there are a host of available materials.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is: For the jacket, 41-8 for the skirt, 7 yards

A Dainty Morning Gown-Patterns 5810 and 5175. Jacket Pattern No. 5810 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. Skirt Pattern No. 5175 is out in sizes for a 22, 34, 26, 28 and 30

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-TON FARHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New IMPORTANT-Write your name and address plainly, and al ways specify size wen

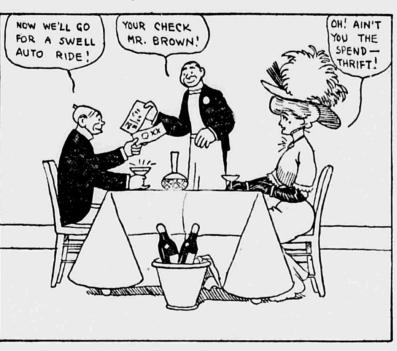
# Can You Beat That, Sadie? W By R. W. Taylor The Greatest of Short Story Writers



Them one week stands-say, kid, don't talk! When you go out for a walk, Lord! now them rubes does love to gawk! Can you beat that, Sadie?



The hotel clark'll introduce Some lovely gents-but wot's the use? Nine out of ten turns out a deuce! Can you beat that, Sadle?



Last week I met a Mr. Brown. His pa's the olggest man in town. We had a swell time goin' roun' Can you beat that, Sadie?



But he got in bad in papa's store-Gee whiz! but I was good and sore! They pinched him right at our stage door! Say! Can you beat that, Sadie?

## 9 and a contraction of the co Buffalo Bill's New Tales of the Plains &

-- No. 17 ---

## How We Punished the Sioux



more of an Indian than he is!" This was my A. Dudley when he asked my advice about his great Sioux campaign of how successfully

WFCODY Gen. Dudley was in command at Fort McPherson, Nebraska. It was in the early spring of 1874. The Sloux were on the warpath and had been murdering ranchmen, burning small settlements, and otherwise discouraging pioneers from coming Weal.

The Sloux were clever in choosing

their time, for the spring floods were

out, and this made pursuit almost im-

possible. We located them on the opposite side of the Platte River from us. The usually shallow stream was a roaring torrent. The fords were impassable. The bridges were swept away. No horse could swim the river. Yet there were we, helpless on one bank, while the Sloux were plundering at will on the other. That was the situation. Knewing the country and Indian customs, I was pretty sure where the fresh water lake about thirty miles from the Platte. If we could strike and smash that camp they would go

Ordinarily, a bridge spanned a branch

 $\{$  occossistation o from the place. But when we got to the bank we found it gone. I socuted along shore. About ten miles down once stood. If that were still there we heaved, and the waters swirled up to stream I found a crazy footbridge that had held in spite of the freshet. It had held because the waters found outlet beyond each end of it. The bridge was Never intended for a horse.

made of boards nailed across fallen more to the Indian camp. Long before tree trunas. Risky footing for man, that time the Sloux would have been Yet our only other chance was to away.

to where I new stood. Then forty miles warned of our coming and got safely



pelting back to their agency on the jump. But how to get to it?

Ordinarily, a bridge spanned a branch

PROF. TWINKLE claims that the six-pointed North Star can be cut into seven pieces, which, rearranged, will form a perfect square. Can you cut the seven pieces from the diagram in the window and arrange than into the seven pieces from the diagram in the window and arrange them in a of the stream in almost a straight line square?

to a place where a stronger bridge had crazy footbridge. It wabbled and might cross. It would mean at best a its highest boards. A nasty, dangerous ride of 100 miles before we could come trip it was. But I made it. Then I reto a point on the other bank opposite crossed and reported to Gen. Dudley. I told him I believed he could get his file and slowly, and if each horse were ridden with loose rein. A prairie horse, if his rider doesn't try to guide him, has an instinct for picking the safe

At midnight we started across. I wen The men gave their horses free rein and the surefooted beasts picked their way along that perilous, swayminuet dancers. One by one the 300 riders, drenched and muddy, reached the far bank. Only one horse had fallen off. His rider had tried to guide him.

ming and went back to the fort. We rode all night. As we neared the Indian camp I went shead again. Dudley forbade his men to speak or even to strike a match.

Dismounting, I crawled forw and came upon the whole village fast asleep. knew what the food they ate was called, Back I went with my report. But as even if its nature sometimes puzzled the hall below, and Sarah jumped for the soldiers came up at dawn a few them. And Sarah had food during a her door, leaving the book on the floer Indians had awakened. Their dogs cold, dull winter scented us and barked. In an instant thing with her. the Sloux were on their feet and scattering over the plain. The speed with which Indians can get up and scatter would amaze a flock of quali. We In Raspberry Lane. charged, sweeping through the village and after the fugitives.

Before the bugles sounded the recal we had killed thirty-two of the escaping savages. Then we halted to est an i to rest our horses. Taking up the pursuit again, we caught up with the main band just before dawn. Before they could scatter we put fourteen more Sour families into mourning.

Back rushed the remainder to their agency. They had had enough of fighting to last them a long time. And the lesson we had given by "out-Indianing" them had more effect, I think, than the forty-five braves we downed.

Sour families into mourning.

her: "Springtime is here, Sarah—and otherwise ever since!" at me, Sarah, my figures show it. You've got a neat figure yourself, Sarah—"Never got it!"

"Then how did you find the window so sadly?"

The young fagmer smiled mile.

application and one-cent stamp for each number to "Circuia-Department, Evening

## O. Henry's Stories of New York Life

--- STORY NO. 11---

### Springtime a la Carte.

(From "The Four Million," by O. hour and a half the twenty-one menu cards were written and ready.

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was a day in March. Never, never begin your story in with an accurate eye. this way when you write one. No opening could possibly be worse. It is of vegetables. Carrots and peas, unimaginative, flat, dry and likely to asparagus on toast, the perennial toonsist of mere wind. But in this in- matees and corn and succetash, lims stance it is allowable. For the following paragraph, which should have inugurated the narrative, is too wildly extravagant and preposterous to be launted in the face of the reader withut preparation.

To account for this you will be alou will please let the story proceed. he world was an oyster which he with is sword would open made a larger hit than he deserved. It is not difficult | But what a witch is spring! Into the open an oyster with a sword. But did you ever notice any one try to open message had to be sent. There was he terrestrial bivaive with a type none to convey it but the little hardy writer? Like to wait for a dozen raw courier of the fields with his rough pened that way?

he shells with her unhandy weapon lion"—this lion's tooth, as the French ar enough to nibble a wee bit at the chefs call him. Flowered, he will assist cold and clammy world within. She at love-making, wreathed in my lady's at love-making, wreathed in my lady's nut-brown hair; young and callow and ad been a graduate in stenography unblossomed, he goes into the boiling ust let slip upon the world by a pot and delivers the word of his sover usiness college. So, not being able eign mistress. to stenog., she could not enter that bright galaxy of office talent. She was a free-lance typewriter and canvassed for odd jobs of copying.

### A Queer Deal.

f Sarah's battle with the world was he deal she made with Schulenberg's But soon she came swiftly back to the Home Restaurant. The restaurant was rock-bound large of Manhattan, and the next door to the old red brick in which she hall-roomed. One evening after dining at Schulenberg's 40-cent, fivecourse table d'hote (served as fast as you throw the five baseballs at the away with her the bill of fare. It was neither English nor German, and so dandellons with its crowning ovarious arranged that if you were not careful you began with a toothpick and rice been transformed from a bright and pudding and ended with soup and the love-indorsed flower to be an ignoneither English nor German, and so

The next day Sarah showed Schulenberg a neat card on which the menu was beautifully typewritten, with the viands temptingly marshalled under viands temptingly marshalled under card the dandelions that had graced, as their right and proper heads from "hors troopers across if the men went single d'oeuvre" to "not responsible for overof her heart's true affection. coats and umbrellas."

breakfast and lunch as often as changes signs Sarah knew that it

quired. In return for this Schulenberg was to send three meals per diem to Sarah's feet on her trunk and began to wander hallroom by a waiter-an obsequious with Gerard. one, if possible-and furnish her each afternoon with a pencil draft of what The Lovers. Fate had in store for Schulenberg's The front doorbell rang. The landlady customers on the morrow.

agreement. Schulenberg's patrons now yes; you would, just as she did! cold, dull winter, which was the main and the first round easily the bear's.

that spring had come.

One afternoon Sarah shivered in her elegant hall bedroom; "house heated; cried Sarah. scrupulously clean; conveniences; seen to be appreciated." She had no work to be appreciated." She had no work to do except Schulenberg's menu cards. week ago to your old address. I found Sarah sat in her squeaky willow rocker, and looked out the window. The calendar on the wall kept crying to her: "Springtime is here, Sarah--

Sarah's room was at the back of the smile. house. Looking out the window she could see the windowless rear brick wall of the box factory on the next street. don't care who knows it; I like a dish But the wall was clearest crystal, and of some kind of greens at this time of Sarah was looking down a grassy lane the year. I ran my eye down that nice shaded with oherry trees and elms and typewritten bill of fare looking for pordered with raspherry bushes and something in that line. When I got be-

gone into the country and loved a me where you lived."

Sarah stayed two weeks at Sunnybrook Farm. There she learned to love

It was in this shaded and raspberried makes anywhere in the world," said It was in this shaded and raspberried lane that Walter had wood and won her. And together they had sat and birthday party given by a woven a crown of dandelions for her said Sarah, in supprise. birthday party given by a young lady. Is it proper for me to give her a present?

A. B.

If you know the young lady well, give the chaplet there and walked back to the proper that the chaplet there and walked back to the proper that the chapter than the present is present. It is not provided in the chapter than the property of the chapter than the property of the

above a summer stream. Down through the courses she worked, giving each item its position according to its length

beans, cabbage and then-

### The Task.

Sareh was crying over her bill of fare. Tears from the depths of some divine despair rose in her heart and Sarah was crying over her bill of gathered to her eyes. Down went her Think of a New York girl shedding and the keyboard rattled a dry accompaniment to her moist sobs.

For she had received no letter from owed to guess that the lobsters were Walter in two weeks, and the next item all out, or that she had sworn ice- on the bill of fare was dandelions-daneream off during Lent, or that she had delions with some kind of egg-but ordered onions, or that she had just bother the eggs!-dandellons, with whose come from a Hackett matinee. And golden blooms Waiter had crowned her then, all these theories being wrong, his queen of love and future bride-dan-The gentleman who announced that delions, the harbingers of spring, her sorrow's crown of sorrows-reminder of her happiest days.

great cold city of stone and iron a green coat and modest air. He is a Sarah had managed to pry apart true soldier of fortune, this "dent-de-

eign mistress.

By and by Sarah forced back her tears. The cards must be written. But, still in a faint, golden glow from her dandeleonine dream, she fingered the typewriter keys absently for a little The most brilliant and crowning feat while, with her mind and heart in the meadow lane with her young farmer. typewriter began to rattle and jump like a strike-breaker's motor car.

### "Dandelions."

At 6 o'clock the waiter brought her written in an almost unreadable script, she set aside, with a s.gn, the dish of written bill of fare. When Sarah ate minious vegetable, so had her summer ornaments, the first spiritual banquet

At 7.30 the couple in the next room Schulenberg became a naturalized cit- began to quarrel; the man in the room izen on the spot. Before Sarah left him above sought for A on his flute; the she had him willingly committed to an gas went a little lower; three coal written bills of fare for the twenty-one sound of which the phonograph is tables in the restaurant-a new bill for jealous; cats on the back fences slowly each day's dinner, and new ones for retreated toward Mukden. By these occurred in the food or as neatness re- for her to read. She got out "The Cloister and the Hearth," the best nonselling book of the month, settled her

Mutual satisfaction resulted from the Denys treed by a bear and listened. Oh,

And then a strong voice was heard in You have guessed it. She reached the And then the almanac fied, and said top of the stairs just as her farmer came up, three at a jump, and reaped and garnered her, with nothing left for

the gleaners.

"New York is a pretty large town."

that you went away on a Thursday. That consoled some; it eliminated the possible Friday bad luck. But it didn't prevent my hunting for you with police

"I wrote!" said Sarah, vehemently. "Then how did you find me?"

The young farmer smiled a springtime

"I dropped into that Home Restaurant next door this evening," said he. low cabbege I turned my chair over On the previous summer Sarah had and hollered for the proprietor. He told

er," sighed Sarah, happily. "I remem "That was dandelions below cabbage. "T'd know that cranky capital way above the line that your typewriter

the chaplet there and walked back to the pound har present. It is not necessary otherwise, though a small remembrance would be perfectly proper, as she has included you among her guests.

They were to marry in the spring—at the surface the very first signs of spring, Walter said. And Sarah came back to the city to pound her typewriter.

Dear Betty:

The chaplet there and walked back to the still the rayed splotth in the upper right-hand corner where a tear had fallowed by the read the name of the meadow plant the clinging memory of their golden blosses had allowed her findered back to the contract the representation of the meadow plant the clinging memory of their golden blosses had allowed her findered back to the contract the rayed splotth in the upper right the rayed splotth in the upper right there and walked back to the pound be perfectly proper, as she has included you among her guests. A knock at the door dispelled Sarah's golden blossoms had allowed her fin-

Between the red cabbage and the "DEAREST WALTER, WITH HARD-

### Courtship and

Smoking Unladylike.

or chew gum?

Dear Betty: Y AM sixteen years of age and desperman of twenty-one. He always treats not you can make the acquaintance of me very nicely, but one day he bade me some of her masculine friends or relagood-by with more than merely polite tions and in that way gain a proper words. How should I have received this introduction.

and athletic games and don't think so with a young man of nineteen for the A Birthday Party. Dear Betty:

MHICH is more ladylike, to smoke How to Meet Her.

Dear Betty: I AM a complete stranger here and loss to know how to make her acquaint-ance. How can I meet her? A. A. ately in love with a handsome young introduce you to the young lady? If

great deal of him, though at times she encourages me. How can I win her love?

B. A. D. Smoking is more unladylike than chewing gum.

ANGEL.

AM a complete stranger here and without a friend. I see a very modest and sedate young lady, just the kind I desire to meet, but I am at a turning your attention to some other size.

past two years and seems to think a

Have you no mutual friend who could Dear Betty:
Introduce you to the young lady? If M in love with a girl two years included you among her guesta for not you can make the acquaintance of my senior. I am angry with her Dear Betty:

She Wants to Make Up.

me very nicely, but one day he bade me good-by with more than merely polite words. How should I have received this outburst of affection?

A. L. You are entirely too young to be madly in love with any one. Do not have anything more to do with this young lady of the same than the stream of the same and the stream of the stre because she threw me down for an- Dear Betty: